THE PACIFIC

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THE HILLS OF REST.

Beyond the last horizon's rim,
  Beyond adventure's farthest quest,
Somewhere they rise, serene and dim,
  The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

Upon their sunlit slopes uplift
  The castles we have built in Spain—
While fair amid the summer drift
  Our faded gardens flower again.

Sweet hours we did not live go by
  To soothing note on scented wing:
In golden-lettered volumes lie
  The songs we tried in vain to sing.

They all are there; the days of dream
  That build the inner lives of men;
The silent, sacred years we deem
  The might be, and the might have been.

—Albert Bigelow Paine.

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W. W. FERRIER.....Editor
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

THE ALL NIGHT AND DAY BANK.

The All Night and Day Bank is a good institution to have in any city. We are glad that the one in Los Angeles was able to withstand the run that was made on it recently. It is to be hoped that it will thereby be strengthened in the confidence of the public and that its patrons and deposits will have large increase.

The California Voice speaks of the run on the bank as "one of the most vicious conspiracies of combined and concentrated meanness that has taken place in Los Angeles for years."

It is not charged that the saloons were back of the run. But this is said: "The All Night and Day Bank is always open and is ready any hour of the day or night to cash the working-man's check, receive his deposit or in any way possible accommodate the public. Its popularity and success has been phenomenal, so much so, that a combine has been made against it. Saloons no longer cash the workingman's checks, and rob him of his week's pay. The bank is hurting the saloons, and dives, and perhaps, some of the other banks but the people are to be considered as well as saloons and other banks."

The saloons of this country do a thriving business with workingmen who are compelled to go to them on Saturday nights to get their pay-checks cashed. Last year there was a strike of the bricklayers in Des Moines, Iowa, because contractors refused to pay in cash instead of in "pay checks." One of these striking bricklayers said at that time:

"It is 5 or 6 o'clock before we get paid on Saturday nights. The banks close at one o'clock, and there is no place to get our checks cashed except the stores and the saloons. The stores make you understand that they are not cashing checks for the fun of it, and expect you to make a purchase of some kind when asking for the favor. There is only one place left, and that is the saloon. In case a crowd of five or six go into one of these places to get their checks cashed, they are forced to buy drinks because the saloonkeepers make it uncomfortable for them if they don't.

"The saloonkeepers are the only merchants in the city who are prepared to cash checks, and they do it for the profit there is in it. If five or six men go into a saloon together and one sets 'em up, the rest hate to be called pikers. Then probably they will get drunk."

Commenting on the strike the president of the Iowa Federation of Labor said:

"No man should be forced to go into a saloon to get his check cashed. If he does he has to buy a five-cent glass of beer and tender a $30 check as payment. The chances are he will spend a dollar or more before he leaves the place."

An astonishingly large percentage of the check given to workingmen are cashed by the saloons. Not long ago it was ascertained that only one of 3,600 checks paid out in wages in a manufacturing establishment at Joliet, Illinois, one pay day, was returned without saloon endorsement. And a Joliet banker stated about a year ago that nine-tenths of the mill pay-checks in that city came back indorsed by saloons.

Unquestionably the All Night and Day Bank in Los Angeles has hurt the saloons; and men have bank accounts now who never had them before.

In all probability such banks in every great manufacturing center would keep millions of dollars annually from going into the coffers of the saloon keepers.

GREATER SAN FRANCISCO.

When the question of the changing of the Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity from Berkeley to San Francisco was being considered a few weeks ago, reference was made to the telephone book as one of the things showing that San Francisco is the great commercial and business center for this part of the coast. In the telephone book 82 pages are devoted to all Alameda County, and 174 to San Francisco.

In the day time San Francisco is a populous place—much more so than in the night. It was the estimate recently of a census supervisor that something like 150,000 people who have their places of work and business in the city go out each night to homes elsewhere—many of them to Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda; others across the bay to the towns in Marin County; and yet others down the peninsula toward San Jose. Largely these are the people who are interested in the best things in the cities and towns in which they have their homes.

In many ways San Francisco is the poorer because of this. The campaign for the raising of $75,000 with which to furnish the new Y. M. C. A. building in San Francisco had not been on long until it was ascertained that at least forty per cent of the persons who were asked to give had contributed only a short time before in Oakland and Berkeley.

One of the arguments advanced by San Francisco parties in favor of moving the Ministers' Meeting back to the city was that it would be a help to the city in the struggle through which she is going all the time because of the fact that interests are divided as is shown herein. The thought was that every possible force for good ought to be centered where the chief danger point for California is found to be.

It is a thought which ought to be kept in mind. All around San Francisco Bay people will have to give greater attention to the question of the betterment of San Francisco or there will be there a city without much to commend. The sooner people begin to consider seriously the question of a "Greater San Francisco," the better will it be for our Pacific coast civilization. Some day the cities about the bay will

be consolidated, and men who now have their business here will then be residents of San Francisco and will have a voting responsibility.

POMONA COLLEGE.

The Southern California Congregational Conference has asked the churches of Southern California to present on the first Sunday in June the interests of Pomona College and to seek contributions to the $250,000 fund which is now being raised.

For twenty-three years Pomona College has been shaping the life of Southern California in such a way as to commend it everywhere. It has been true to its motto: "Our Tribute to Christian Civilization."

It has earned not only the right to live, but the right to a larger life, unhampered by debt and inadequate equipment to meet the demands of the time.

The standards at Pomona are high; and its graduates rank in the work of life with those of the best educational institutions in the land. This year it will send out a class of sixty—all of them fine young men and women, as well trained for the work of life as they could be anywhere.

Last week about $45,000 was needed to complete the $250,000 fund and to pay by an additional amount an indebtedness incurred a while ago in the purchase of land valuable for the college to have.

We believe that the money will be forthcoming, and Pomona placed thus where she can move forward in the work she is called to do in our Southland.

THE PSYCHOPATHIC WARD EXPERIMENT AT ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL.

We are indebted to **The Pacific Churchman** for the following statement concerning the discontinuance of the Psychopathic Ward work in St. Luke's Hospital, San Francisco:

The interest of the general as well as the Church public in the experiment which has been tried at St. Luke's Hospital, San Francisco, of a Psychopathic Ward for the Emmanuel Movement seems to call for some report upon it.

The Emmanuel Movement itself in its principle of healing has passed beyond the experimental stage. As interpreted by the Rev. Dr. Worcester of Boston and his skilled associates, both medical and clerical, its results have amply accredited it as a most beneficial movement.

What was made a matter of experiment at St. Luke's Hospital was not the movement itself but one simple way of applying it. In principle so fundamentally allied with the most progressive medical science the finding the close co-ordination and atmosphering of the movement with hospital service in a Psychopathic Ward directly under a hospital roof appealed to those to whom such an experiment was suggested. After deliberate counsel with the expert leaders in the movement, medical as well as clerical, the experiment was undertaken at St. Luke's and Mr. Albert B. Shields of Boston, after consulting some of the best authorities at home and abroad, came out to undertake it and became the Superintendent of the hospital.

Then at the very outset a practical difficulty was encountered which curiously enough had not transpired in any of the forecasts. When neurasthenic and other patients sought the treatment, and the residence at the hospital was prescribed, immediately was evoked a reluctance to place themselves in an environment so suggestive of suffering and depression in all the sights and sounds and other hospital associations. This at once disclosed the impracticability of establishing such a ward. Mr. Shields was quick to discover this fatal fact and at once entered upon an out patient treatment as a substitute, having even under such limitations many come to him and many evidences of possibilities of the treatment in itself. But the particular experiment of the ward having proved so plainly impracticable. Mr. Shields relinquished the superintendency to take effect May 1st in order to confine himself more to the other well tried lines of the movement. It is the part of common honesty to frankly admit the lack of success in any experiment undertaken with high purpose. But what is especially important, in justice to Mr. Shields as well as to the hospital and all the promoters of the Emmanuel Movement, is to note that the unforeseen difficulty of environment above admitted affects simply the experiment of the Psychopathic Ward of a General Hospital service and not at all the well-assured success of the Emmanuel Movement in itself. And out of this experiment though in itself discontinued, may come as a stage of intelligent advance for the Emmanuel Movement a home especially adapted for it with all bright and promotive surroundings, in the nature of an Emmanuel Sanatorium. Conditions do not seem to make this practicable here, but it is hoped that nearer the source and stronghold of the movement in the East Mr. Shields may be able to establish something of the kind.

CONCERNING OREGON.

By Rev. H. V. Rominger.

One man has said the chief attraction of Oregon is her boundless possibilities. Here they are in all their virgin freshness awaiting the railroad builder, the farmer, the fruit raiser, the missionary and the educator. More than a hundred years have passed since Lewis and Clark opened the trail to the Oregon country, yet it remains largely undeveloped to this day. Settlements were begun in the Willamette valley before gold was discovered in California, but the glitter of gold and the romance connected with California drew away attention and immigration from Oregon and the latter has not yet received her due. With 96,000 square miles of territory this mighty commonwealth has even now less people in the whole of it than live in the single city of Boston or around the Bay of San Francisco. In western Oregon is a vast empire, larger than many European nations, of the finest climate and soil, which has not yet had a railroad. Iron roads and good wagon roads are among our most urgent needs. Many of the latter are mud trails all through the winter and are nearly impassable. Neighbors cannot get together, churches and schools are poorly attended. People live scattered through the woods and on isolated ranches without the means of communication and often develop a selfish individualism and mistrust of one another. If a small part of the vast sums of money we are now spending on war and war ships with which to fight other Christians or to keep them from fighting us could be spent on good roads, with the resulting better schools and churches, civilization and religion might be so advanced that men would see the awful wickedness of war and the stupidity of going armed to keep the peace.

The evil spirits of the air, the ghost and witches of the dark ages, have all vanished before the advances of science and reason. We have nothing to fear from the animals or from the heathen and we are rapidly subduing the forces of nature. Our only dread and only enemy seems to be our fellow men and fellow Christians. Against these we must build our fortresses, our great guns and mighty engines of war; and on this account stagger under the burdens of huge standing armies and enormous navies. How the Pacific Coast rose to greet the big white navy a few years ago, as though it was the biggest asset of our civilization! Where do the church, school house, religious and secular press find a place in this catalogue of national assets? Our Pilgrim forbears did not begin this nation by organizing armies and navies. They built churches and school houses as the bulwarks of this new order of American civilization. This has been the order from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate, and this must be the order of American civilization which now pushes out over the Pacific and dashes with foam and thunder on the Philippines and the shores of Asia. The earth is growing better and more civilized and war will some day be recognized as the worst survival of barbarism and we will learn to live together in peace on this little globe called the world.

On the whole, these are the best times of all history to live in and the Pacific Coast is the best of all lands and Oregon the best of the Pacific Coast. It is a place of health, wealth and longevity. Every day the papers tell us of people living or dying at the age of 90 or 100. The other day Geo. H. Williams, the Grand Old Man of Oregon, passed away, aged 87. He linked the present with the mighty historic past, with Grant and Reconstruction, being the author of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution. That marked an era in our history. Judge Williams was converted, or made a professor of religion, during the great Moody meetings in Portland in 1888. He proclaimed his faith before a large audience at one of the meetings, became an active Christian and used to deliver a famous lecture on the Divinity of Christ in many of our churches.

Williams helped to make history. Others elsewhere may be writing history but all about us here we are making history. When you travel through Europe, Palestine and Egypt, you mostly study ruins and a history that has been made. When you travel about this Coast you see history in the making. You read a prophecy of what is to be. You look towards the future and not the past. The other day I was at Hood River, and from the bluff on the Columbia on the Washington side I looked down on that valley whose name has already gone around the globe. The air seemed charged with energy and vibrated with powder explosions as the stumps on either side of the great river were being blown out to make ready for the apple trees. And the beauty of the scene! There is the mighty Columbia Gorge, stretching north and south, the majestic river bearing the commerce of the Northwest, the steep cliffs, rocks piled on rocks in fantastic forms and the vast snow fields of Adams and Hood flung into the upper aid by the hand of the omnipotent God. Fit frame work for the population soon to fill these valleys. You can already hear the tramp of the oncoming settlers. Apple lands are selling here at fabulous prices.

"I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet, and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form."

These new railroads being built, raw soil tamed, towns and cities springing up, are fresh monuments to a people who have been path-finders, frontiersmen, pioneers, and who in the future, if not today, will be famous for their thrift and energy, and will be historic in as deep a sense as ever were the Egyptians, Greeks or Romans.

You must remember it is only seven o'clock in the morning in Oregon. Great cities will flash and roar in these fertile valleys and along these rivers, where only a few years ago the wild animals roamed, and the Indians divided their time between chasing the wild beasts and chasing each other. The greatest cities of America will be here on this Coast. Portland and Seattle are now 3,000 miles from New York. In less that a century New York will be 3,000 miles from Portland.

There is a spirit and epic of the great West that gets into the blood of those who dwell here. This pioneering, this history making, has a freshness and strenuousness, a virility and rough tenderness, a swinging music and rugged rhythm all its own, and it molds and fashions men after its type.

The plastic forces that mold the world are now taking shape here, and will determine what the future shall be. They will take such trend as church and school, religious press and moral forces give. There is a mighty task for preachers, educators and editors. May the eternal God awaken us to the stupendous issue.

Rainier, Oregon.

THE ARCTIC HIGHLANDERS AND MISSION.

Dr. Grenfell Replies to Remarks by Commander Peary.

In a letter in the Boston Transcript Dr. Grenfell says:

I have noted numerous quotations of late from a lecture of Commander Peary and many criticising him for saying that he hopes the Arctic Highlanders will never be Christianized. Dr. Nansen has said much the same thing. It is no great compliment even to the most primitive of mankind to consider them unable to survive the advent of true Christianity. There can be no question that Almighty God considers them able to survive it. The truth must therefore be that they can survive it. I myself do not think them able to survive what so many people confuse in their minds as being Christianity. Intellectual submission to some particular doctrines, that is not Christianity—not as I see it illustrated in the life of the modern missionary. We are not all that we ought to be, but I cannot believe that we are more dangerous as a class than even the unselfish and generous class of explorers. My own experience is that the arrival of a strange vessel with a heterogeneous crew of sailors who make no pretense to Christianity whatever, is just as dangerous to a simple people with primitive ideas of morality as the arrival of a missionary of the twentieth century type. Without "arriere pensee" I am able to say that I am not among those who object to explorers going

there themselves and then taking missionaries to task for going because they are missionaries. I have known Commander Peary for quite a number of years and his crew as well; I am among his most ardent admirers as a brave, capable gentleman and officer, a leader of men, and a man with a heart for sorrow and suffering, which even were there any suggestion of his wishing to deny it, has uniformly characterized his action in cases that I have known or heard of. And I should consider that the criterion which the Bible distinctly states will settle the questions as to the entrance into Heaven settles also in the minds of the twentieth century Christian the right of a man to the title Christian. It is distinctly stated we shall be accepted or rejected for ethical and not theological attainments.

The question seems to me to be "What is Christianity?" I say this not in the sense of the jest of Pilate about truth, but because it saddens one to think that missionaries are looked upon today still, by men whom we ourselves admire, and would like that they should think better of us, as if we lacked wisdom and common sense. The traditional missionary of the palm tree picture with his group of troglodytes, his dilapidated clothing, and the background of a cooking pot, seems to die harder than we missionaries think we have a right to expect in a twentieth century environment. There still lives in my memory the grinding winches, the hurrying to and fro of men, and the delaying of a large steamer, bound home after a long absence, bursting with news of success that was to interest the world, with wives and families and every incentive not to lose one second's time. I say I remember such a steamer, delaying in a small Labrador harbor because the kindness of her commander had arranged to land a large surplus of food supplies to help a missionary society to preach the gospel. And I still see painted on the stern of that vessel the name of "Roosevelt."

I have been driving today on a visit to some sick folk. My new sledge is the wonder and admiration of the neighborhood: it is practically indestructible; its broad runners made it slide over a softened snow crust in which its companion sledge would have sunk to the cross frames and have made traveling almost impossible. It was a gift to me from a kindly friend interested in mission work. We have christened it after him, "The Robert Peary." My colleague at our next hospital rides on its twin brother. By a strange concatenation of events my second Komatik was made for me by Mr. Thomas Cook of New York and designed by another American who has shown kindness to us and our people, Dr. Frederick Cook.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

Dr. O. Edward Janney, Baltimore, Md., Chairman of National Vigilance Committee.

No subject has been brought more impressively to public notice of late than the iniquity known as the "white slave traffic," or the selling of girls and young women into a life of vice through the employment of fraud or force, or both. Up to a very few months ago, very few individuals were aware of such a traffic, or they scouted the idea of its possibility. Indeed, even now, it seems impossible to impress people with the full extent of the traffic and the imminent danger that faces every young girl in our land. The average citizen still finds it hard to believe that there are men and women so vile as to be willing to make a trade of virtue, and victims of the young and trusting. That this traffic has been established in every city is evident from a mass of evidence at hand, gathered through the investigators employed by the National Vigilance Committee, by the Department of Commerce and Labor, by United States district attorneys, by the Commission on Immigration, by those in charge of ports at which immigrants arrive, and through the innumerable clippings that reach our office from newspapers in all parts of America, and through the work of independent investigators like George Kibbe Turner, the results of whose study have been published in McClure's Magazine.

Such is the extent of the traffic that it has become necessary to form a National Vigilance Committee for its suppression; to enter into a solemn treaty with the nations of Europe to crush it by united efforts; such the craft, cruelty, and extent of its operations as to justify and require the President of the United States to refer to it in his first message to Congress and to recommend repressive measures; such the danger to the young womanhood as to arouse the women of the whole country to indignant protest; such the horrors of white slavery as to arouse the manhood of this nation to insist upon the adoption of effective laws in state and nation.

Human slavery in its most horrible form is being permitted by the cities of California and the State of Washington. Very litle progress in the suppression of the traffic is being made on the Pacific coast. Chinese tongs are flagrant offenders there. The suppression movement in Chicago is encouraging, through the "red light" district there are "show places" and as much of an instituion of that city as the postoffice and the art museum. In New York, which is acknowledged to be the chief slave mart in America, there is evidently a crystallizing of effort to improve conditions.

Viewing now the country at large, it is evident that a vast number of people have become interested in a movement for the suppression of the traffic in women. The great national and international Jewish organizations are active; conventions of religious and reform associations have protested against it; the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the National Suffrage Association, the Federations of Women's Clubs, the medical fraternity, the purity associations, all are earnest in their efforts toward suppression.

Not only has the nation declared its adhesion to the international white slave treaty, proclaimed in June, 1908, but no subject seems to have received more attention during the last three years from the chiefs of the Department of Commerce and Labor than this. The recommendation in President Taft's message of an appropriation of $50,00 to strengthen the work of the Bureau of Immigration in this respect is extremely important and should receive general support. Twice this sum judiciously expended would drive the organized traffic from this country within a very brief period.

Few, indeed, are the States possessing adequate laws on this subject. In order to meet this need, a law carefully drawn under the advice of men who have tried persons charged with these offenses, will be offered for passage by the legislatures of the States and by Congress for the District and Territories. But measures, no matter how much

needed or how useful will not pass themselves. They will require the united efforts of good citizens everywhere if this passage is assured.

A nation-wide campaign is being organized, employing all the reform agencies referred to above, so that an organization will stand for the support of the bill in every State. The great work that lies immediately before us is that of legislation. Later will come that which is educational. To this legislative work we invite every individual and every association, whether that work be within the borders of the State or with your Representatives in Congress.

To gain the effective co-operation of our State and national authorities, we need only to secure the united, determined and intelligent efforts of our thoughtful people. With such support, we shall be enabled to enforce present laws, have such new ones as may be needed enacted, and bring such moral and legal influence to bear that the procurer will no longer be able to prey upon girlhood in this land, and the organized white slave traffic will be effectually and forever suppressed.

OBERLIN'S MISSION STATION IN CHINA.

Recent riots in Chan-sha, in which considerable property of the Yale Mission has been destroyed, have aroused interest in the work of the Oberlin Mission in Shan-si. For a number of years Oberlin College has been carrying on educational work in the Shan-si Province under the auspices of the Shan-si Memorial Association of Oberlin College. This organization is the successor of the oldest student work in the Empire, since it was one of the avowed objects of a group of Oberlin graduates who went out in 1880 to establish a new Oberlin. This first work received a severe check in 1900 when most of the teachers in the field were massacred in the Boxer Uprising.

In 1908 a definite reorganization was brought about when the present incorporated association was established as a memorial of the earlier attempt. Its representatives now on the ground are Mr. H. H. Kung, a descendant of the so-called "Throneless King" of China, and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Staub, all of whom are Oberlin graduates. Mr. Kung has the degree of Master of Arts from Yale. Under their direction the work is now carried on at Tai-ku and Fenchou-fu. It is still in the preparatory school stage, but is excellent of its grade, as is evidenced by the fact that at Fenchou-fu, two hundred and eighty-six students applied for admission, and only thirty could enter. It is the intention of the association to establish a perfectly developed college with a view to a possible university. A beautiful piece of property containing forty acres has recently come into its possession, the Flower Garden which was given to the American Board, with which the association is connected, as a memorial to the Oberlin teachers killed in 1900.

The deep interest in foreign education which characterizes Oberlin College and the visit at Tai-ku this year of President King in the course of his trip around the world, together with the name and influential leadership of Mr. Kung, make the future seem very bright. The recent mass meeting of the undergraduates in Finney Memorial Chapel resulted in the subscription of practically $2,000 for carrying on the association's plans. The budget of the association for the year 1910-11 calls for nearly $6,000, and its property is valued at $7,000.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

For the fourth year in succession the Wesleyan Methodist Church in England has had a decrease in membership. The last year it was 2,000.

New York City is to have twenty-three portable school buildings. They will be moved from place to place for the purpose of taking care of the pupils who cannot be accommodated in the regular school buildings.

William J. Bryan, who visited South America recently, is very enthusiastic as to the possibilities of trade between that country and the United States. He says that South America is bound to become the greatest market for the products of this country.

A Women's Institute for the exclusive use of domestic servants has been established by the club women of Yonkers, New York. There the girls meet and spend the evening, in living rooms and club rooms, and the five-cent theater and other similar places have lost their charm with many.

Archbishop Keane of Dubuque, Iowa, was among those taking a prominent stand against the saloon in the attempt to oust it from a part of that city. In a message to Roman Catholics he said: "In God's name, do it." Steadily are the Catholic forces being lined up against the iniquitous liquor traffic.

A great many jews have been going to Palestine of late. Companies have taken up land on which it has placed many, furnishing them with tools and training them in modern methods of farming. The greatly increased yield because of this better farming has advanced the price of lands in some instances 400 per cent.

There are not less than 5,000 Americans and other foreigners in Manila, 4,000 of whom are young men. Seeking an attractive, vigorous, sympathetic pastor for the American church in that city, the choice fell on the Rev. Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston, formerly of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, but now of Colorado Springs. The call came from the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

Immigrants send to their home land from the United States not less than $275,000,000 annually. The figures for a recent year are: To Italy, $85,000,000; Austro-Hungary, $75,000,000; Russia, including Finland, $25,000,000; Great Britain, $25,000,000; Norway, Sweden and Denmark, $25,000,000; Germany, $15,000,000; Greece, $5,000,000; the Balkan States, $5,000,000; Japan, $5,000,000; China, $5,000,000; all other countries, $5,000,000.

In a recent address President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton said: "Our ardor is so bent upon material things that we sometimes are rebuked at the thought that there are nations lying still, caught in a crust of custom hardly to be broken. Oriental peoples whom we affect to despise, who, as their quiet days pass, have more satisfaction in the

past and more assurance of the future than we have with our restless and half-doubting Christianity. We do not hold our Christianity with a sufficient vitality of belief to be made happy by it. We try to evangelize the rest of the world by the medium of a faith which does not make us happy. We are often at fault because we have not set our ambitions on the things which lie at the heart of the creeds. Our ambitions are too much for material conquests and too little upon peace of mind, too little for that faith which is in the final conquest of righteousness."

CHOOSING A LIFE WORK.

Some Paragraphs from a Sermon to Young Men by Rev. N. C. Gause, of Mayflower Church, San Francisco.

Your life is before you. It is yours to make or mar; yours to dissipate in riotous living or mould and fashion at your will.

Aim high. "Hitch your wagon to a star," and not to a garbage cart. Lift your eyes to the landscape, beautified with a thousand streams of opportunity, and look beyond, to the mountain ranges of achievement, whose topmost peaks have been scaled by other men whose aims were transmuted into successful effort.

Choose something definite. Out of the multiplicity o occupations fix upon some one as a road-bed over which to travel to your desired attainment of ultimate success.

Stick to one thing—don't dabble. Too many men are forever trying something new at the bottom rung of the ladder, and wondering how the other fellow got to the top. You cannot scale the heights of life's achievement by wandering back and forth among the foothills.

Exert all your energy. With most men there are whole oceans of dormant force, forever waiting for some magic touch to bring it to the surface and set it flowing abroad in the smiling streams the world calls success. Your success does not depend upon your father or your friends—it depends upon you, and you only. No one can defeat you but yourself.

Utilize your dormant energy, or it will utilize you to a disastrous finish in the race of life. Don't be afraid to tap the reservoir of latent muscular, mental and nervous energy stored in the tissues and cells of your body and brain. Learn to achieve through achievement.

Men drift. They do not navigate. They are like a ship at sea with a fireless furnace—it is tossed from the crest of the waves to their trough, and back again, coming to wreck, finally, on the harsh, unyielding rocks of an unfriendly shore. The steamer with furnace fired dashes through the storm-tossed waves, on schedule time, and arrives safely at its destined port. Likewise, the young man who utilizes the fuel under the boiler of life. He plunges through adversity, surmounts obstacles, batters down barriers, and arrives at the port by achievement.

Many young men go down before difficulties. The difficulties master them; they never master the difficulties. A hard job, a knotty problem, a serious situation and down they go. The sea of life is strewn with wrecks that capsized at the first breath of the head wind of difficulty.

Seek to know God. He has a divine plan for you. Look within. Study to know God's promptings in your own soul, and with Him to guide and direct, you are safe.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Rev. Arthur B. Patten.

May 29. Is Ours a Christian Nation? Ps. 33:8-22.

Of course the answer is, Yes and No. But it is safe to say that ours is a Christian nation in the making, and we believe that it is the one nation in the world in which more Christianity has been made over into democracy and civilization than in any other. Still we are far from incarnating in our institutions the unalloyed spirit of Christ. The unfinished work of the American Republic is a colossal problem. But if there ever were a nation in which the hand of God was manifest, shaping issues and institutions, that nation is America. Divine Providence is written large across the pages of our history. We may well speak of the "divinity that shapes our ends," and of our manifest Christian destiny. Here man has proposed much that is bad and more that is good, but God has disposed mightily for righteousness and freedom. The very founding of this nation was a breaking away from oppression and a making way for liberty. If ever there were a just war, and if ever the God of battles were on the winning side, that war was our American revolution, and that side was the side of the Colonies struggling into Republican-Democracy. Then we had God-endowed men. Certainly Moses meant no more to Israel in her beginnings than Washington meant to the new nation on this continent.

God has had things in flux here as nowhere else among a great people. Conditions have been flexible and ready to His hand. This continent offered a new field and a free field for the free spirit of man and for new institutions. Here men could re-form under God unhindered by the stereotyped traditions of the old world. Here new precedents could be made and the providence of God could move rapidly to its consummation.

Today, with the nation intact and slavery smitten to the death, and with the saloon tottering to its final fall, we still discern the hand of God directing a great commonwealth toward noble ends.

Then the Churches in America are more free and fraternal than those in any other great nation, and they are leading today as never before, not only in pure worship, but also in ethical idealism and social renovation. One of our national magazines recently said with sincerity and truth, "It is the van of the Christian Church which helps to lead every sociological movement. Take away the men and women whom the Church has set aflame with her ideals of brotherhood and sacrifice, and every charitable work in America would be crippled tomorrow."

In the last 25 years our Churches have grown faster than the population. Then religion is more practical and available for good citizenship than ever before. It is becoming an outward expression as well as an inward experience. This outward expression has taken noble form in such movements as the Sunday school, modern missions, the Y. M. C. A. and its sister organization, the Christian Endeavor, the Brotherhoods, the Salvation Army, the Volun-

teers, the King's Daughters, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Institutional Church, the Social Settlement, etc., etc. Here is a notable array of testimony to the fact that these United States are a Christian nation in the making.

Then the advance of the Anti-Saloon League has been virtually a Church crusade—the irresistible will of God's people moving upon the map of America.

The urgency of strenuous Christian ideals is a mighty force even in our politics. A great president has recently thrust those ideals to the front in his own indomitable personality and in his tremendous campaigns of publicity. The people are aroused as never before, and will not be satisfied until they get another president like him, or, better still; get him back again himself. Call it insurgency if you will; it is certainly a movement akin to a revival of religion that is sweeping this land, and which, we believe, will at length sweep it clean. One does not need to be a prophet to discern the stately steppings of Providence in America and to know that our God is marching on.

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

Soquel.—The Church has just called a pastor and is awaiting his reply. The condition of the Church is splendid and a neat five-room parsonage is provided for the minister and his family.

San Francisco, Mission.—The contract for the construction of the church having been recently let actual building on the foundation laid about a year ago was begun last Monday morning.

San Francisco, Richmond.—The bids for the new building are now in the hands of the Church officials, but about three months will elapse before the new building is begun. The vested choir continues to attract larger congregations.

San Francisco, Mayflower.—The attendance at the weekly prayer meeting service has been greatly increased by having the special speakers come and speak twenty minutes on live topics. The attendance is from seventy-five to over one hundred with the interest growing.

Cloverdale.—At a Church meeting on Sunday, May 15th, it was resolved not to accept the resignation of the pastor. A good congregation attended the service, and the vote was larger than when Mr. Ainsworth received the "call" to the church. It was unanimous excepting one vote. The people in the community—church-goer and non-church-goer, young and old, Protestant and Catholic, have urged Mr. Ainsworth not to leave, so he has consented to remain for some time longer.

Los Angeles, First.—Judge Wilbur's Baraca Class have had a share in the evening services. The class selected twelve advertisements from magazines and voted to give them to the pastor as subjects for evening sermons. From the twelve Dr. Day selected three. "Do Not Forget," "Do You Use All the Power Paid For?" "Finder of Men." He handled the subjects in his usual admirable manner, engaging the interest of young and old and evolving the moral idea most clearly and forcibly. Next Sabbath evening, under the auspices of the Baraca Brotherhood, he will give an address on "The Panama Canal—the World's Work and the World's Peace," Illustrated by slides from Washington, D. C. Dr. Day has been giving a series of morning sermons of great power on the following subjects: "The Place of Christ in Modern Social Compassion"; "The Place of Christ in Modern Thought"; "The Place of Christ in Modern Ethics"; "How Far Are Men Seeking Personal Unity with Christ." Friday evening, April 29, a beautiful reception was given Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Horace Day at the delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Clark. The following Friday Mrs. Day left for Chicago to visit her sisters before their European trp of nearly five months.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Rev. Charles F. Clark, Correspondent, 7212 Woodlawn Avenue, Seattle.

Rev. E. D. Weage has figured that during the five years between 1903 and 1908 the Congregational churches of Seattle received 2,547 members, of which number 865 or 33 per cent came by confession and 1,682 by letter. Excluding the churches organized during this period three received more by confession than by letter, namely, Green Lake, 52 by confession, 47 by letter; Columbia, 93 by confession, 46 by letter; Edgewater, 98 by confession, 91 by letter. Since these figures were published Green Lake has received 19 by confession and 11 by letter. We should be glad to receive from the other pastors any figures along this line. University church shows the greatest contrast having received 69 by confession and 239 by letter. Eleven were received into membership by letter and four on confession at Plymouth; three on confession and one by letter at Green Lake May 1st. Others have not been reported, though several churches had accessions. Mother's Day was very generally observed by our churches.

The annual meeting of the Western Washington Sunday School Association was held in Plymouth church, the program was unusually helpful. Judge W. D. Woods was re-elected president.

About one-half of the teaching force and officers of Plymouth Sunday school enjoyed a delightful social at the home of Mr. John Schram, May 2nd.

A new work among the Finns in Ballard promises to develop into a church in the near future.

We are glad to welcome back to the state, Rev. H. G. Miller, who has accepted a call to Marysville, which has just reorganized with a constitution based upon the Council Manual, and has elected an aggressive Board of Trustees.

Word comes of a quickening interest at Rosalia with forty conversions as the result of a recent series of services. A new building will soon be erected.

Hartford has been without services for four months, even the Sunday school was discontinued, but the work will be revived. Lots for a parsonage have been bought and the building will be put up soon and a paster secured. Hartford has been yoked with another field and in con-

sequence has not had the attention it needed, but now we look for a strong church to serve the seven or eight hundred people of the region.

Rev. J. M Lavender has begun work at Cusic and Ione. Rev. John T. Percival, for many years Sunday School Missionary for Eastern Washington, has accepted a call to Newman Lake. Mr. Preston continues at Orchard and Pleasant prairies, but withdraws from Trent, which will have the full time of Mr. Ellis. Rev. David Reid gathered a new congregation at Vera, three miles from Trent, which will immediately organize under the guidance of Superintendent Wilson of the Spokane Church Extension Society. During Dr. Edward Lincoln Smith's absence, Rev. Charles Luther Kloss, D. D., will supply the pulpit. Dr. W. H. G. Temple is in great demand for preaching. May 8th he preached both morning and evening at the First Methodist church, Seattle.

THE CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY WORK IN SOUTHERN CALIFRNIA.

During the year which ended February 15th, sixteen new Sunday-schools were organized by Superintendent Case and by others aided by the Society. The superintendent organized eleven of these. Fourteen schools were reorganized.

The membership in the new schools at the time of organization was 445; in those reorganized the membership was 386.

The superintendent states in his annual report that two of the schools organized the past year are in fields ready for immediate church organization. These are Pilgrim in San Diego, and Bethany in Los Angeles.

The amount of money received in Southern California for the work last year was $1,267.56. The total expenses except the superintendent's salary were $385.95.

In carrying on the work of the year Superintendent Case traveled 10,874 miles, and gave 209 sermons, lectures and talks.

SEATTLE'S CHURCHES.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer tells of the increase of churches in that city in ten years as follows:

"A gain of about 100 churches and church organizations in ten years is the remarkable record made by Seattle in the decade which closed the year 1909. In 1900 Seattle had 110 churches and in 1909 she had 207. However, the real extent of Seattle's growth in a religious direction is not fully told in the number of churches she possesses, for each church within itself has grown tremendously in wealth and membership, keeping in line with the city's development in every other respect.

"The old established and prominent denominations naturally show the greatest numerical growth. Among those having founded the larger number of churches in the city are the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Roman Catholics.

"The Lutheran church has also had a good increase. In 1900 it had seven churches in this city; now it has seventeen. In 1900 the Baptists had sixteen church organizations in the city and now they have twenty-six.

"In 1900 there were thirteen Congregational churches here and in 1909 they numbered nineteen. Seven Episcopalian churches in 1900 increased to eleven in 1909. The growth in the numbers of both the Methodist Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches in this city has been unusual, the former doubling in number while the latter tripled. The Presbyterians increased their churches from thirteen in 1900 to twenty in 1909.

"At present there are about thirty-two miscellaneous church organizations in the city, their number, though fluctuating, has doubled in a decade. Many of these are cults whose teachings are in the nature of fads. They flourish one day and go on the morrow. Others, again, stand well in the thought of the day, but have only small followings.

"It would be impossible to estimate adequately the value of church property in this city, but it is safe to say that it will total up to $2,000,000. Of this amount the property of the First Presbyterian church and St. James' Cathedral will easily pass the million dollar mark, while the churches to be built during this year are estimated at $400,000.

"Seattle has, approximately, 115,000 communicants and adherents in her churches. The communicants will number 90,000, divided about evenly between the Protestant and Catholic denominations. The remaining 25,000 consist of those church-goers who are not directly affiliated with local organizations.

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSIONARY REPORT.

The annual reports of the Southern Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific, and the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Southern California for the year recently closed have been published together in a pamphlet of 72 pages. We notice therein that each society is aiming to raise $6.000 for the year 1910-1911.

The Woman's Home Missionary Union desires $3,200 for home missions in Southern California; $750 for the Japanese and Chinese work in Southern California; $300 for Church Building Society; $500 for Education Society (Pomona College scholarship); $50 for Sunday School Society; $180 for Mrs. Findlay's work for Chinese women and children; $250 for Bethlehem Institutional Church (Mrs. Bradley and general); $120 for educational work in New Mexico; and for other specials $350.

The Woman's Board plans for $1500 for the work in Turkey; $950 in China; $2150 in Japan; $400 in India; and for other missionary work not specified $1,000.

A statement of receipts each year for twenty years by the Woman's Board of Southern California shows an advance from $1,308.54 for the first year to $8,625.18 for the twentieth year.

The total contributions for the twenty years were $58,695.86.

WOMAN'S BOARD AND WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION MEETINGS.

The quarterly meeting of the W. H. M. U. will be held in San Jose, at the Congregational church, Thursday, June 2nd, at 10:00 a. m. The following day, Friday, June 3rd, the first annual meeting of the Northern California branch of the W. B. M. P. will be held in the Congregaitonal

church at Saratoga at the same hour. Trains will leave San Francisco, Third and Townsend, at 8 a. m. (ferry 7 a. m.) or Oakland, First and Broadway at 7:36 a. m.

If 50 people can arrange to come a one and one-third rate will be given, so it is important to get a receipt slip when buying tickets. Those desiring entertainment for Thursday night should send their names as early as possible to Mrs. E. R. Shaw, 269 So. Crittenden Street, San Jose, or to Miss L. N. Richards, Saratoga.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY WORK.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Ojala, of Portland, Oregon, Congregational Home missionary workers, and Finnish colporters for the Pacific Agency of the American Bible Society.

Mr. Ojala, for many years a Bible missionary in the middle west, has come to the Pacific Coast to work among the Finns in the Northwest, and with the aid of the Silent Missionary he is able to bring the Gospel not only to the Finns but to many other nationalities.

He reports to the San Francisco Depository of the American Bible Society sales to English speaking Finns, to the Japanese, Chinese, Greeks, Swedes, Norwegians, Belgiums, Germans, Italians, Croatians, Syrians, Hebrews, Roumanians, Bulgarians, Russians and Slavonians. Among some of these foreigners there are no Protestant missions, and the Bible Society's missionary is a most effective worker in a needy field.

The Finns are liberty loving and heroic spirited people. They eagerly purchase the Scriptures and welcome the colporter.

The American Bible Society sells its Bibles at cost to all who can buy, but distributes among the needy the Book at reduced prices, and gratuitously among the destitute; and its staff of colporters are selling and distributing the Word in 35 different languages on the Pacific Coast. The Pacific Agency's Headquarters is 216 Pacific Bl'd'g, San Francisco.

DEATH OF REV. H. E. JEWETT.

As the paper is about to go to press, word has been received of the sudden and unexpected death of Rev. H. E. Jewett. The hearts of the many who came in touch with him and his services are deeply saddened at the loss and the sympathy of everyone is extended to the family in their great bereavement.

ALWAYS UNPROFITABLE.

You may worry when you're weary,
  You may worry when you're well;
You may worryy when life's dreary
  Or when buds begin to swell;
You may worry in December,
  And keep worrying in May,
But in any case remember
    That you can't make it pay.

You may worry when disaster
  Hovers o'er you in the night;
You may worry when your master
  Has declined to treat you right;
You may worry when they've taken
  The last chance you had away,
But the fact remains unshaken
  That you cannot make it pay.

In his sermon at the recent meeting of the National Free Church Council in England, the Rev. J. H. Jowett quoted Robert Louis Stevenson as having said once: "I have been to church and am not depressed." This was made the basis of a few words to ministers about what he called the "cold officialism" of pulpit effort. And Emerson was quoted as having written: "I once heard a preacher who sorely tempted me to say I would go to church no more. A snowstorm was falling around us. The snowstorm was real; the preacher merely spectral, and the eye felt the sad contrast in looking at him, and then out of the window behind him, into the beautiful meteor of the snow. He had lived in vain. He had no one word intimating that he had laughed or wept, was married or in love, had been commended, or cheated, or chagrined. If he had ever lived and acted, we were none the wiser for it. The capital secret of his profession, namely, to convert life into truth, he had not learned."

Referring to the characteristics of Apostolic preaching Mr. Jowett said:—

"What is the general character of our preaching today? Is it characterized by this apostolic vastness of theme, this unfolding of arresting spiritual wealth and glory?"

He went on then to say:—

"I ask these questions not that we may register a hasty and careless verdict, but to suggest a serious and personal inquiry. Dr. Gore has been recently telling us what he thinks is the perilous tendency of the ministers and teachers of the Protestant religion. He declares that we are seeking refuge from the difficulties of thought in the opportunities of action. That is a very serious suggestion. It would mean that we are intensely busy in the little village shop, and have no vision of the pine forests, or of the august splendors of the everlasting hills. And it would mean something more than this. We are not going to enrich our action by the impoverishment of our thought. A skimmed theology will not produce a more intimate philanthropy. We are not going to become more ardent lovers of men by the cooling of our love for God. You cannot drop the big themes and create great saints."

THE HOME

THE SONG OF ALL SONGS.

Childhood's Days Now Pass Before Me,
When This Old Hat Was New;
We Are Coming, Sister Mary,
Have You Seen the Boy in Blue ?
Let Me Kiss Him for His Mother,
Underneath the Greenwood Tree;
Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming,
In the Cottage By the Sea.

Bob the Groom and Poor Tom Bowling,
Were In the Strand with Nellie Gray;
And the Maids of Merry England
Were Asked to Name the Wedding Day.
The Flag that Braved a Thousand Years,
With Joe the Marine Went Out to Sea;
They Are Coming Among the Barley,
In the Cottage By the Sea.

Fancy Painted Old Bob Ridley
Going Home to Dixie's Land,
Arm in Arm with Billy Patterson,
Who wouldn't give his heart without his hand,
Unless he married Old Aunt Sally;
Then how happy he would be!
The Ship's On Fire, so Man the Lifeboat,
In the Cottage by he Sea.

If Your Mother Keeps a Mangle,
Then No Irish Need Apply;
In Tara's Halls the Irish Immigrant
Said "Good-bye Sweetheart, Bood-bye!"
The Cure he caused a Great Sensation
With Annie, on the Banks o' Dee;
The Good Rhine Wine was the Death of Nelson,
In the Cottage by the Sea.

The next that came was Annie Laurie,
Who said, "Come Back, Peter Gray,"
And the Young Man from the Country
Was caught ill-using Old Dog Tray.
My Jane, My Jane, My Pretty Jane,
And Rosa May, Remember Me,
Old King Cole took salts and senna,
In the Cottage by the Sea.

MOTHERS' MANNERS.

Parents do not realize how early the critical faculty develops in children, nor how soon they begin to be conscious of imperfections in their elders, nor what mortification they suffer in their proud and loving little souls on account of them. Their standard is often crude, and their public opinion is the public opinion of their childish contemporaries, and they may live to look back and smile at both. But both are intensely important now. They are as solicitous about our manners as we are about theirs, as uneasy when we do not do ourselves justice, as disturbed if one of their friends carries away a wrong impression of us.

Mother is chagrined because young John bursts in on her caller with muddy boots and cap uncompromisingly firm, but she does not dream that he will suffer as keenly in his pride if Sam, in the background, overhears her rebuke him in tones that fall below the juvenile ideal of maternal tenderness and poise. Or Sam is to be sent home, since it is not a convenient time to have the noise of two boys about the house, but instead of being dismissed with the tact which mother would use so gracefully toward a grown person in the same circumstances he is curtly told that John can't play now, and John straightway falls into a fit of sulks, which is three parts disappointment, perhaps, but surely one part mortification.

The visit of a relative to ones' school occasions a world of anxiety, and the considerate mother will certainly fortify heself beforehand with full particulars as to the etiquette of the occasion, and take the utmost pains with her toilet. To see one's mother set on a platform for fifty of one's friends to stare at is an ordeal for a sensitive heart, and nothing that the favorite hat or boa can do to make it easier should be omitted. Above all, mother must not show too much interest in John. To try to attract his attention as he passes by her in the line, or to stop him and arrange his tie, as fatuous mothers have been known to do, is to make both him and herself eternally ridiculous.

Displays of affection are peculiarly obnoxious to boys growing into the self-conscious age. Greetings on the street should be marked by decorous reserve. The goodby kiss, if it is still valued, should be given within doors, never on the piazza.

"Do stop looking at me so," said a boy, irritably, to his older sister.

"What was it that you didn't like about the way I was looking at you?' asked the sister, after the other boys had gone home.

Puzzling over the problem for an instant, he answered,

"You looked at me as if you loved me."

It is the same feeling that develops, later, into the man's dislike of effusive partings in public places, a point about which women, as a class, are singularly lacking in fastidiousness.—Ex.

WORK AS PUNISHMENT.

Unless a mother wants to heap up trouble for herself and the child now and later on, it is better never to punish by making the culprit perform a certain amount of work, says Hilda Richmond. There are mothers who keep certain disagreeable tasks for little sinners, just as some cities compel their offenders against public peace to repair roads or break stone. This is risky business since it gives the child the impression that it is a misfortune to have to work.

A grown man says he hates the very sight of an onion bed because his mother made him weed the tiny plants every time he was naughty when he was a child. Onion weeding is tedious, back-breaking work at best, but when it is done as a punishment it becomes horrible. A bright penny, a special treat in the way of a big orange or a trip to the pond to fish would have sent the boy whistling into the onion bed determined to conquer or die, but to be chained there, so to speak, with a smarting sense of his woes, makes him recall those days yet.

Some mothers put the little girls to patchwork when they are restless and in mischief, but the only thing accomplished is to make the little fingers loathe needle work. I have seen rebellious little girls making button-holes all over a piece of old goods as punishment for some wrong doing. The work was wasted because the mother threw it in the wastebasket the minute she was satisfied with the effort, and the children only turned out good work in order to be released.

Solitary idleness is better than work as punishment. Often when left to themselves the children would gladly take their books or work, but they always resent being ordered to work to atone for their sins. A long, quiet think will make them penitent, while hard work only makes them feel injured, and gives them the lasting impression that all work is disgraceful.

REST IN HOUSEWORK.

"I have so much to do that I don't know what to do first, so I believe I'll take my nap and get it off my mind"

Such philosophy is unusual, for most persons think sleep is the one thing to put off until fatigue compels it. The woman who made this remark had formed a good habit and was forestalling a breakdown.

The afternoon nap, or at least a period for relaxation, is the one thing needed to make the strenuous duties of household life move off effectively. Ordinarily no woman arises from her customary "forty winks" without feeling an invigoration of brain and muscle. It is a great mender of "frazzled" nerves. Work is resumed with ease, and mountains become molehills. Some women form a habit of taking short resting spells, but many put this off until too tired to rest. Sometimes it seems easier to keep on going than to stop; the screws are turned a little tighter and, as with all good machinery, the tension after a time becomes too strong and there is a break.

After complete fatigue, muscles take a very long time for recovery. If short intervals of rest are taken on the first evidence of fatigue, the muscle quickly recuperates and its period of activity and the amount of work done may be greatly increased. Any condition which depresses the general nutritive state of the body, as loss of sleep, hunger, poverty of blood, insufficient fresh air, causes a quicker appearance of fatigue in the muscles.

Generally, it is as possible to be rested and remain so, never working on borrowed strength, and always fresh, as for a business man to keep a reserve fund in the bank. There will be emergencies in household life for which reserve strength is needed. The housekeeper never knows when company is coming, when a member of the family will be ill, when the work will crowd harder than usual. Reserve power is a fine cushion to fall upon when these things happen. If it can be had by a daily rest, or by living within one's physical strength, it is worth the effort.

Nervous tension is largely an American habit, and has been termed by a German physician "Americanitis." It exists in that supposedly quiet place, the home, as well as in the schoolroom, in professional life or in the business world. Nearly every one is familiar with the stirred-up condition of things which exists when a member of the family is preparing to go on a journey, or just before company is expected, or, very frequently, in the kitchen, just before meal-time. Such nervousness has much to do with the servant problem. The tension of the mistress is conveyed to the maid. The well-meaning of hurry and worry of either one, when things are at the anxious period in their preparation, often upset the household equilibrium. Only the presence of tactful self-control on the part of the mistress subdues the sudden flame of temper in a nervous, sensitive maid.

In no place are women so thoroughly tested as in housework, where there is so much need of executive ability, serenity and good judgment. The woman who is busy all the time and who is able to place three good meals on the table every day, and remain serene throughout, is a jewel beyond price. She should be this, not once, but many times.

The worried housekeeper should go out on the veranda for a few moments, take several full breaths of fresh air, shake the stiffness from fingers, wrists, elbows, and all other joints of the body, stretch, yawn, smile, and laugh if possible—a good, deep, muscular laugh. Then she will see how much easier the rest of the day's work will be. This should be done frequently, not once a week, but several times every day.

Professional and business men, teachers, stenographers, and the maids of the kitchen need and generally take vacations. They return refreshed and take up their work with so much more vigor that it is considered a paying investment. How would it do for the housekeeping mother to have a regular vacation? She may find that things are topsy-turvy when she returns and that various mishaps have occurred which her presence might have averted, but never is she more appreciated by her family and never does she feel more like taking up the affairs of her household.

The habit of screwing up the face into a frown, the result of tension, is only one of many habits to be avoided. The body is often bowed by hard physical labor, the chest is depressed, the back becomes bent and the mind follows the bend of the spine and stoop of the shoulders. The mental "let-go" follows the physical "let go." On the other hand, lifting the chest with weight forward on the

balls of the feet, standing tall and breathing deep are accompanied by mental stimulus and uplift. A woman should have a comfortable chair within close reach of the place of work, or a couch upon which to drop down. If a book is near by, so much the better. The mind and body may at the same time become rested.

Usually the more a woman has to do, the more she hurries. She decreases the intervals of rest; fatigue comes more quickly and her capability is weakened. She gets into the habit of expending superflous energy in trifling acts. Such tension leads to an undue strain upon certain muscles. We laugh at children who work their tongues when writing. Even adults in writing often use the muscles of the neck until they ache; but what about the woman who works her mouth when using the scissors, or one who clings to the arms of the chair in which she sits?

To be young in looks, young in feeling, young in movement, is as welcome a condition to the housekeeper, upon whom so much depends, as to any human being. It depends upon how the body is used. Premature age of body is caused by setness and shrinkage of muscles, stiffness of joints and a stooping posture, as opposed to pliability, flexibility and erect carriage. Stretching and relaxing frequently, with good, deep breathing, will give a very noticeable freedom. In good poise, the head should be raised, the chest elevated and the weight kept on the balls of the feet. Mental attitude has much to do with the ability to progress physically.

A rested body more than doubles the efficiency of one fatigued. It may take time from the work to lie down to rest and sleep, but deep breathing and good poise can be had while the usual work is being done. You will find that it soon becomes a habit, and a good one—the habit of health, vigor, strength, elasticity, youth and courage.—Martha Van Renselaer.

Young People

KNOTS.

Everybody had told Jamie he was stupid until he began to think it might be so. His parents were dead and he lived with Uncle Peter in the city. Uncle Peter sent him to school to Miss Nellie.

One day Miss Nellie told her boys she was going to the seashore, to Herrick Island, for her vacation, but that she did not like to go alone; it was much pleasanter to have some one for company, to run along the beach and find shells, to pull flowers on the marshes and go out sailing, or for a dip in the sea. She had no brother, so she wanted one of the boys to go with her, and this was how she would decide. Each boy should bring a collection of something selected by himself, either from his own house or the stores or from what might be given him by friends—whatever he chose, but it must consist of a collection of articles all belonging to one class, and every boy should inscribe his particular collection, tell where the articles were made or grown and their use. Three weeks would be allowed them to make ready, and then, on a Friday afternoon, a committee formed of the trustees and relatives and friends of the boys should decide which collection was best and who was entitled to the prize—a two weeks' stay at Herrick Island. How the youngsters' eyes shone at this announcement!

"What is the ocean like? I never saw it; did you?" asked Jamie of his school-fellows at luncheon time.

"Course! lots of times!" responded Tommy Waddell, grandly. "It's something like a kettle of boiling suds, only a deal bigger, you know."

"Does it smell like that?" Jamie asked, doubtfully.

"No; it smells salty, 'cause there's codfish in it, I suppose."

"It sounds like a buzz saw when it's going," said Ned Dolan, with an air of wisdom, "and it's always going!"

Jamie knew all about buzz saws. Uncle Dan had one in his mill out in the country.

The boys were wild with plans; all talked at once; and each, it would seem, had already begun to make a collection of one thing or another, every one but Jamie—he had not a little store of treasures, not a solitary article of value.

"Uncle Peter wouldn't give me anything!" he thought, disconsolately. "He's got enough to do to keep me. Uncle Dan wouldn't, either. I wish I could find something, but I don't believe it's any use trying."

He stared hard at his desk, and, though he tried to keep them back, big tears filled his eyes. He shook them off when no one was looking, and then his gaze centered in a funny round knot in the top of his desk. He had seen it many a time before. Now, as he stared and stared at the little brown spot, a big thought was growing in his mind, it grew so big that it shone right through his eyes and laughed over his lips, and his whole face lighted up.

Miss Nellie, happening to glance in his direction at that moment, wondered she had never noticed before what a pretty, bright-looking boy he was. She did not know that it was the big thought that had so transformed shy, stupid Jamie.

"Let's all tell what we're going to bring," said Bobby Jones, the next day, as the boys sat in a row on the doorstep at recess.

"Corals," responded Ned Dolan, with sparkling eyes. "They're uncommon, and we've got a lot. Grandfather brought 'em to mother one time when he came from India—or somewhere. There are combs and neckchains and lockets and bracelets and oh, heaps of things. I'm studying 'em up."

The others looked discouraged—all but Jamie; corals were uncommon.

"Well, I'm picking up candies," said Tommy Waddell, recovering somewhat. "You've no idea what a lot of different kinds there are—balls, guns, lozenges, mints, kisses, mottoes, sticks—more than I can begin to tell. And it's easy to describe 'em. Made of sugar, came from the confectioner's, feel sticky and taste sweet."

"My, don't they!" his comrades agreed, smacking their lips.

"I'm going to choose pins," said Bobby Jones. "It takes seven men to finish one and put on its head. Sister said so. I'm going to have all kinds—black heads, white heads, brass heads, gold tops, some garnets and the finest pearl you ever saw. They'll be awfully pretty. What are you going to have, Jamie?"

The boys nudged each other and exchanged commiserating glances. They knew very well there was nothing in Uncle Peter's house that he could bring and he never had any money to buy anything with.

But Jamie only smiled as he replied quietly, "Knots."

This response was hailed with considerable merriment by his schoolfellows. "Hard knots, slip knots or bow

knots?" asked one. Jamie only laughed with them, saying, "Just wait and see."

At last the fateful day arrived. The corals were lovely, everybody said so. The pieces were laid out on pale blue velvet. "They cost hundreds of dollars, grandfather said," announced their exhibitor proudly.

The candies were sweet, indeed. "It too every cent I have saved this quarter to buy them, besides what was given to me," Tommy informed his friends. "I made the little shelves to put 'em on myself," he added.

To Bobby Jones' friends there was nothing so nice as pins; and no one would have thought pins would display so well. Bobby had stuck delicate little pink ones next to the blues, the lemon colored beside the greens, lovely pearls, filigree silver and cut steel contrasted with gold, garnets and jets; the effect was beautiful.

Johnny Towne had a fine assortment of fans; Ben Morris had buttons; Charlie Williams, soap in a variety of shapes displayed in an attractive box, and Silas Casey had sponges of all kinds and sizes, arranged on a pink cotton-flannel scarf, and there were many others.

Jamie's turn came at last. He had knots—nothing else But such knots. He had coaxed Uncle Dan to let him come over to the mill one Saturday, and no miser picking solid nuggets from a gold mine could have been happier than the boy looking among the chips and saw logs for his precious knots. If you don't believe knots are pretty go to a saw mill some day yourself and see what exquisite things you can find. The shadings and streakings are so blended that no one color shows distinctly, but all are merged together in a hazy beauty that would make an artist fling down his brush in despair.

Jamie had shown himself to have an eye to effect, too. At his suggestion Uncle Dan had permitted one of the men to make each knot the center of a little square block. Then the boy had joined each block firmly to its mate, and so carefully that it was hard to tell where the joining was, excepting for the difference in color. It took two weeks, nights and mornings, to finish the whole to his satisfaction, but the result was the neatest and oddest piece of mosaic work imaginable. There were red knots and yellow knots, brown knots and black knots, smooth knots and twisted knots, knots with bark on and knots with bark off, knots with tracings like spider-webs, like animals, like human faces, like forests and mountains, windmills and villages, and one that was almost exactly like Niagara Falls; there was a little frosty knot that looked like a country church in winter surrounded by bare-limbed trees; but the one he liked best of all was marked in a light, towering shape, that Miss Nellie had told him was a remarkably good representation of the lighthouse at Herrick Island.

The visitors were loud in their expressions of approval of everything. "Such an excellent idea of the teacher!" they said, and all agreed that the boys had shown wonderful taste in the arrangement of their displays. Finally the committee sat down and conferred in low tones, the youthful exhibitors remaining standing.

In the silence that followed Miss Nellie announced, with heightened color in her cheeks: "We will now listen to the committee's report."

Then there was a silence. In his suspense, poor Jamie imagined he heard buzz saws everywhere. He was so wrought up that he started at the scraping of a chair behind him as one of the trustees arose, and wheeled around so suddenly that he bumped up against that gentleman.

"Oh, please, I didn't mean—I mean—I'm sorry!" stammered Jamie.

"Never mind, we can excuse you under the circumstances," responded the trustee. "You are the boy who collected the knots, aren't you? Well, you've won the prize!"

There was a little hush. The other boys stared at each other. Jamie had to catch his breath to save it from slipping away. Had he really won? He looked appealingly into the trustee's eyes. "A good face that boy has," thought the man. But he noted that Jamie's shoes were patched, that his shabby suit was a size too small, that his cheeks were thin and pale, and he was glad of the decision that would give him an outing evidently much needed. "But I'll see that the little chap has some decent clothes," he promised himself. And he kept his promise.

"You have won the prize," he repeated, in response to the unspoken appeal in the boy's eyes.

It didn't seem as though that clapping and cheering could be for him. But he reached out his arms with a swift impulse towards visitors and school fellows, as if he would take them all in. His eyes were moist, and his voice trembled as he murmured his half-audible thanks. He didn't know what to do or say, he was so happy.

"To think of his winning the prize with nothing but knots!" exclaimed Tommy Waddell, munching one of his peppermints. "But you're the right sort, Jamie. We all think so, and hope you'll have a tip-top time at Herrick Island."—Boys' World.

A DISCUSSION.

By Laura E. Richards.

We sat 'round the fire one winter night,
My dear little boys and I,
And we talked of men that were wise and good,
And of things that were great and high.

Thomas looked up from his history book,
And slowly and thoughtfully,
"I wonder, since ever the world began,
What's the greatest invention," quoth he.

Then rose such a chatter, a cry and a clatter,
You'd think they were monkeys, not boys;
For this one was squeaking, and that one was shrieking;
The room seemed to shake with the noise.

Jimmy said, "Gunpowder," Teddy said, "Squirts!"
"Candy!" cried Billy Bolee,
"Printing!" said John, as he lovingly glanced
At the book, where it lay on his knee.

"Trousers!" said Timothy, just out of kilts.
"Rootbeer!" cried fat little Joe.
"Fireworks!" "Steam Engines!" "Telegraph!" "Skates!"
"Children. Ma said they were; so!"

Then out spoke Tim Tiny, who sat in my lap,
As he raised from my shoulder his head.
"I t'ink"—and he rubbed both the sleepy blue eyes—
"Ze greatest invention is—bed!" —Ex.

MR. BLUE JAY.

What a handsome bird he is! How cheerful and inspiring in his call! From early autumn he is a bright figure flitting about in the evergreen trees. He is one of our winter birds. He wears a beautiful blue coat of a deep sky shade, a black feather necklace adorns his neck and a tuft of feathers, lighter in color than the wings, make a fitting crown or crest for his proud head.

Did you not hear him calling, "Phee-phay, Phee-phay," all through the bright autumn days? He was then busy storing away nuts. He is fond of nuts and hides them in all sorts of places—in the ground, in the rough bark of trees, or in posts. It would seem as though the blue jay had read the latest works on how to preserve one's health, for he believes in a mixed diet. He hunts for corn and peas and tastes of apples and late berries. These hidden stores help to eke out his winter's supply of food; but many times he hides his treasures so well he never finds them again. Our jay is quite an epicure. Who does not like a fresh egg to eat, especially in early spring? So does the blue jay. To satisfy this appetite, he will plunder the nests of his inoffensive neighbors, thus making himself a nuisance in the bird world, and calling down upon his head the righteous wrath and indignation of those whom he has robbed. "Handsome is as handsome does" is the light in which the other birds view him. In spite of his handsome plumage, he is detested by the birds.

Nevertheless we are glad to see him about during the winter. He makes a speck of bright color in the white world. If you wish to have him visit you, just fasten up in a tree near your windows, so that you may watch him, a few bones on which there is left a little meat or bits of bacon or, best of all, a cob of corn. The news will soon go abroad in the bird world that a feast has been prepared for them at your home. The hardy sparrow and downy woodpecker and spotted chick-a-dee and our lordly jay will all come to partake of the good things you have provided for them. In this way you can observe the birds close at hand and become familiar with them.

When the jay gets corn, he fills his beak with it, then flies to the branch of a tree. He holds the kernel with his feet and breaks it with his beak, and you can easily see that he greatly enjoys this dinner of corn. I have often seen the jay and others of our birds clinging to the bone or corncob and turning round and round as the wind twisted the dainty about. They showed no fear even when we stood near them.

In the spring Mr. Jay and his pretty wife will build a nest of twigs. When the nest is completed, Mrs. Jay will lay five pretty eggs in it. The eggs are green in color and have brown spots on them. By and by there will be five hungry jay babies to feed, and the parents, who are extremely fond of their young, will be kept busy all day attending to the wants of the children. After a time the young ones are taught to fly and to hunt their own food. How proud the mother and father are when the babies are grown!

I have read somewhere that blue is a rare color in nature. Few flowers are of a decided blue, and, if I mistake not, there are but four sorts of bluebirds known to the world. We are pleased to say that Canada has at least three of these bluebirds.—Fernview in Guardian.

SISTERS.

"Won't you come in and see my Easter lily, Miss Moran?" said Helena Reed, kindly.

The little dressmaker straightened her tired back. She was crippled and plain, but she limped into the front room with an air of dignified reserve. Circumstances had compelled her to turn her sacred parlor into a bedroom and rent it to this stranger, but she had not ceased to resent the situation.

After a minute her eyes wandered from the lily, and rested with satisfaction on a large, gilt-framed picture hanging at one side of the room. The subject was a man of perhaps forty, whose photograph hal been transferred to glass and colored vividly. Beneath it was a shelf draped in a red canton-flannel lambrequin, and holding a wooden crucifix, and a drinking-glass which had been decorated with splashes of brown paint. From one side of the glass leaned a bunch of dry immortelles. ever since."

A sudden light came into Helena's face as she saw the meaning of the homely things she had despised, and with a thrill of sympathy, she turned to another picture, which stood on the floor, leaning against the wall.

"This is my brother," she said, softly. "Tomorrow will be his first Easter in heaven."

"Oh!" The little dressmaker's troubled eyes traveled up to Jerry's picture and back again. Then sympathy triumphed.

"If you want to hang it up there," she said, "I—can take Jerry down."

"No, indeed!" answered Helena—swift to deny her positive intention of a few minutes earlier—and, lifting her brother's picture,she set it on the white-covered stand across the corner. On the ledge in front she laid her black onyx cross, and at one side placed the beautiful lily in the crystal vase, exactly as she had intended to arrange them on Miss Moran's shelf.

"It looks just beautiful there!" murmured the little dressmaker, in pathetic relief.

Then Helena took the needle-pricked fingers into her own soft hands.

"Miss Moran," she said, and her voice trembled, "I am sure we are both trying, by what we have done with our brother's pictures, to help ourselves remember that

" 'Calvary and Easter day,
Earth's darkest and earth's brightest day,
Were just one day apart.' "

The faded blue eyes lifted to Helena's were glassed over with tears until they looked like Jerry's in the picture.

"Yes—God bless you, miss!" whispered the little dressmaker.—Youth's Companion.

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